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BY ELI D. AKE. OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY AND TRUTH. TERMS—$1.50 a Year, In Advance.

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Been Fishing.

Ed. Register—After so many weeks of terrible suffering I once more begin to feel like my own old self again. I feel once more as if life was worth living. As you know well, the last moon and this present moon were what, in old times, called dry moons. But in my hunting days, while I was taking lessons in hunting from my old tutor, he always cautioned me against making my camp in the creek bottoms. He always said, "Never build a fire to sleep by where the high water ever comes, for you don't know what hour one of those rains may come that in a few hours' time swell a dry creek into a river. No, sir, don't ever make your camp in the bottom for you may get washed away." I said, "Can't we tell what the weather is going to be by the moon?" "No, sir, it rains in this country just when it takes a notion, and rains just as long as it's a mind to. It don't ask any odds of the moon or anybody else." And I have, in a life of sixty years in this lovely Valley, found it as he said. It rains when it gets ready and as long as it's a mind to, and, like Madam Brown, when they got their old horse mill grinding. She said, "We don't ax no odds of the govner. We can grind when we please."

Well, you know what a wet time we have had the last two moons. In the last moon at the time of the big freshet, I sat on the bluff on Stout's creek and saw the water just come right up from a dry stream to a raging river, and as I sat and watched the logs, rails, trees, brush come floating down I could tell just where some of the things came from. Here came timber after timber from Mr. William Fletcher's levy he had built along his field, and don't you think those logs floated right over the top of Fred's fence at the bottom field and lodged way in the middle of his cornfield, and that was the same time "Timothy Hay" spoke of in the last REGISTER, where he says he would like to have seen it and so would I, and would like to see a good photo of the scene.

Well, after the water had gone down the boys took the mule team and a number went to the Shut-In and caught a good lot of fish, and it brought back a strong desire to go fishing once more. So this last freshet we had, the fore part of this present week, Fred said, "As it's too wet to do anything I am going down to Sam Thompson's to see what he is about." After he had gone John said, "As soon as the water begins to fall, will be a good time to catch perch and goggle-eyes." So he went to getting grub worms to bait them. You see we did not expect to catch bass for a bass loves live bait. He is no bug eater if he does now and then grab up a grub worm. Now, my old tutor had always taught me to see that I had everything that I would need in my hunt or fishing.

When you take your gun down from the hooks, take it to the door and fire it off if it has been loaded over night, for it will gather dampness and hang fire when you go to shoot something. Wipe it out and load it afresh; look to see if you have plenty of powder in your horn; see if you have plenty of bullets, caps and patching cut, and on the string. See that you have your flint and steel and a good supply of punk. Never go until everything is in good shape. Then you can hunt without feeling there is something wrong, and I never but once in all of my hunting days made such a mistake. It was in my best hunting days. Word came to me that the deer were thick as grasshoppers out at Tip Top. So I told my wife I was going the next morning, but I must do certain things before I went.

So, after I had got everything ready, I took "Old Betsy" from her resting place and saw that she was clean inside and out and everything in first rate order. I started to go and my wife said, "Have you done something?" I don't just remember what it was. I said, "No, I have not, but I must go and do it before I go." So I took my pouch and hung it on a chair and set the gun up and went and did what was to have been done, and as I was in a hurry I took the gun and started.

When I got way out to where the deep cut is at Tip Top I killed a fine deer; and as I put my hand to my side to get a load to load my gun, there was no pouch. O, but wasn't I mad? that I had in my haste gone and left the pouch with all my stuff hanging on the chair. O, I was just too mad to see. There I was with a deer dead and not even a knife to stick it with. Well, I just went to that deer and tied my handkerchief around one of its front legs and then I started for home, and I did not let the grass grow under my feet. When I reached home there hung my pouch. As I felt so ashamed I did not let my wife know I had come home or that I had forgotten anything. No, sir, I never told anyone, much less my old tutor. I was so ashamed I never made another mistake of this kind in all my life.

So, while John was digging the bait, I put up a good lunch of bread, nicely sliced, and some pieces of meat, and a big onion, and cucumber pickles, and a dessert of nice ripe peaches—all these things I put in a large tin covered bucket, and John took a lot of extra hooks in case we should break one, for you don't know what may happen to your hooks. As we started he said, "We will go down to the rocky point," which is on the north side of the township line in township 34, and my home is on the south side of the line in township 33, and just a half of a mile apart, for one half-mile tree is near my home and the next half-mile tree at the place we were to fish. But he said, "We will cross over the Suck hill through the woods, as it will be too soft in the cornfield. As we went John carried the poles and I the buckets, and all the way I had to stop and look at those same big forest trees that were old trees sixty years ago. And how many deer, turkeys and squirrels I have killed in those same woods, no one can tell. All the old hunts would come to my mind, and how it made me wish I could live some of these scenes over again.

When we at last reached the place I saw, at a certain place I had in former years sat and fished, where a low ledge of rocks rear out into the pond of water. I saw the freshet had washed the dirt away from the roots of the trees near the water and made a nice place to sit and in reach of the water. So I seated myself on the roots of a tree; that made a nice seat, and John took the lunch out of the bucket and filled the bucket partly full of water and set it near me, and a box of baits and then fixed my pole and line well baited. I did not use any float as the water was too swift and deep. As I dropped the hook in the water I felt a quiver of the pole. When I pulled the line up I had a fine yellow finned perch and he was a fine fish.

After I had taken the fish off of the hook and put it in the bucket, and fix my bait, I soon had another, and another. And I began to feel like the Scotchman who went out hunting and killed a little deer. When he brought it home and laid it down in the yard he called his wife and said, "Molly, dear, if I can keep this up we will soon have a yard-full!" After a little I felt some big fish take the bait, and when I tried to land it I brought as far as the top of the water. O my, such a big bass! But he just made one flirt and was gone. He had broken the hook. As we had plenty of extra hooks I soon had another hook ready, and it had hardly had time to reach the bottom and another big fish had the hook, and when he came to the top of the water and saw who had the pole, he bid me good-bye, and I had another broken hook. After I had put on another hook I soon felt another one, so I thought I would play him awhile and perhaps I could land him all right. At last I got him to the bank, but as I lifted him he made a flounce and hit one of those roots and away he went. There were three that I had lost in a few moments, and don't you think I felt sick!

Just then the sound of the hub factory whistle came booming down the creek. So John and I washed our hands and ate our dinner. And I tell you it tasted good for I was getting hungry, and weren't those peaches delicious. After we had eaten our lunch I re-baited my hook and soon I felt something take the bait. When I began to pull I could not move the thing I thought the hook had got fast to some old log or something. So I tried to get it loose, but I could not move it. I said, "Well, I will pull it and break the hook." Just then I felt it give way and found it was bringing to the top something, and when it came to the top, there was the biggest old loggerhead turtle I ever saw this high in this creek. When I got him to the top and he saw me he gave a lunge and that was another broken hook. And I learned years ago, it's no use to fish where one of those loggerheads are; and I got no more bites, and as I was getting tired I told John I would go home, but he could stay as long as he pleased. So, as it was hot and the ground had dried up in the cornfield, I took it up through the rows of corn—and such corn! As I walked slowly along I just had to stop every few rods to look and admire the tall stalks of of corn with their big ears.

And when I at last reached the gate by the spring, tired and thirsty, I took the dipper and, as I filled it with the clear, cold water and drank my fill, I took a long breath. At the same time a childhood scene came like a flash. It was at the old red schoolhouse. I was told to take the water bucket and water the little tots. As one little boy drank long and deep and drained the cup, he took a long breath and said, "I drink like a hoss." And when I reached home I was ready to rest, for I was tired. T. P. R.

A Trip Up the Hudson.

Early on the morning of July 30th we arose, paid ample respects to a good breakfast and reached the wharf just in time to buy our tickets before the boat pulled out. I will try to give you a brief description of our trip up this beautiful river.

First we will notice the objects of interest at the beginning of the voyage. We went on board the steamer New York, and took a position on its upper front deck, from which place we had a commanding view of both sides of the river. As we steamed out of the harbor, scores of other boats, such as coast liners and ocean steamers, could be seen in every direction, while ferry boats were crossing and re-crossing in rapid succession from shore to shore. From the mast-heads of nearly all the vessels—small and great—the stars and stripes floated majestically in the morning breeze. Add to all of this the playing of some of our favorite national airs by brass bands, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the shouts from thousands of people on sea and shore, and you have a faint conception of the inspiring circumstances which told us good-bye as we started on our first voyage up the picturesque Hudson. In a few moments the noise and excitement which surround us in the harbor are exchanged for quietude, broken only by the merry chattering and laughter from nearly a thousand passengers.

Pretty soon our attention was attracted by a bushy headland, which was pointed out as the "Wehawken shore" which has a melancholy interest as the place where that sad duel was fought between Hamilton and Barr, in which was ended the career of one of America's most useful and talented men.

The next object of interest is Gen. Grant's monument, which stands conspicuously on the brow of the bluff on the right hand shore. Here on the commanding heights—surrounded by quiet lawns and waving groves—the dust of the famous warrior and statesman silently sleeps.

Next we come to Washington Heights. The leaves of trees almost conceal the buildings and objects of interest from sight, yet we strain our eves to get a glimpse of the place where some of the early struggles of the Revolution were made. Above this point for a few miles the shore on either side becomes a series of bold rocks covered by scattering houses with now and then a brewery. Soon we come to what are called the Palisades of the Hudson, where for a distance of about fifteen miles, extends an almost perpendicular bluff of rock about three or four hundred feet high. Now these heights give way to low rugged land and we approach the city of Yonkers where there are many important manufacturing establishments and a population of about thirty thousand.

The next town we come to worthy of notice is Irvington. This is a village of comparatively recent growth and is inhabited in the hot season chiefly by people who have homes and business in New York, and take refuge here during the warm summer months—as many from St. Louis do in your own beautiful Valley. The river at this point is about three miles wide, and the sloping hills that rise from either side are covered with beautiful residences and charming grounds. This town was named in honor of Washington Irving, whose own bachelor quarters contribute to the charms of the village. There is perhaps no other point on the Hudson where there are more evidences of wealth and refinement. A little further up the river on the eastern shore is the home of William Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, and one of the wealthiest men in the United States.

Next we come to the city of Sing-Sing, which is the site of one of the most noted prisons in this country. Now we come to large brick factories on both sides of the river. Here most of the brick that supply the trade in New York are made, and here a solitary place was pointed out as the spot where the bargains were made in the case of Arnold's Treason, where Major Andre placed the papers in his silk stockings and started on his fatal journey.

Now we swing around a curve in the river and come in full view of the highlands of West Point. Here it will be remembered is the leading military school of our country, and where many of the heroes and commanders in the present war received their training. About a half-mile distant from the school is the cadet cemetery, where sleep the remains of a number of America's great generals — among whom are Winfield Scott, the dashing Custer, and others. We leave these historic scenes and proceed to the next place of interest.

Leaving West Point the steamer makes a short turn to the left and soon we are in sight of the rugged city of Newburg, which is beautifully situated in full view of the river. The chief object of interest in this place to the stranger is the Washington Headquarters, situated in the south central part of the city, and derives its interest from the fact that it was Washington's headquarters during part of the years 1782 and 1783, and here he passed through the most trying period of the Revolution.

The Hudson above Newburg is a scene of quiet beauty and interest for many miles. The river gradually grows more narrow, and the rugged mountains covered by trees and vines present a panorama beautiful beyond my power of description.

Now the river gracefully bends to the right and presently the spires and southern suburbs of Poughkeepsie appear on the eastern shore. Poughkeepsie is situated about half way between New York and Albany, and on account of its beauty has been called by tourists, "the Queen City of the Hudson," and I am of the opinion that it richly deserves the name. Many readers will remember this town as the location of the famous Eastman Business College. Here we will cast anchor and remain a few days.

Next week I hope to give you a description of this beautiful city and the country surrounding it.

Truly Yours,
F. M. ANDERSON.

"Jefferson. the Anarchist."

What Jefferson do we mean? Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence; twice President of the United States, second only to Washington in the hearts of our countrymen? Is it possible we mean Thomas Jefferson when we speak of "Jefferson, the anarchist?"

At first sight it does, indeed, seem absurd, if not positively unpatriotic, to couple the name of the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence with the word anarchy, a word which we are accustomed to associate with those irresponsible beings upon whose shoulders the weight of modern civilization has fallen with cruel and crushing force and who, in the blind impotence of their despair, raise their hands against society and all mankind. Of course, there was nothing in the make-up of the great Virginia statesman which warrants the connection of his name in even a remote degree with what are known to-day as anarchists, men who seek by bombs and the assassin's knife to tear society down since they cannot build it up.

And yet, during his life time, and even for many years after his death, there was no inconsiderable portion of the American people which honestly believed that Thomas Jefferson was an anarchist of the most dangerous kind. Students of history are familiar with the fact that in many New England pulpits the preachers of the early days of the country were in the habit of denouncing Thomas Jefferson from their pulpits, as well as from their convention halls. One Massachusetts minister of the gospel in an impassioned discourse to his congregation denounced Jefferson not only as an anarchist, but as an anti-Christ; and, according to this Massachusetts divine, the people who supported Jefferson were the scum of the country, the riff-raff seeking to overturn society, destroy the rights of property and pull the very pillars of the republic tottering around them. So opposed to Jefferson and to all that Jefferson represented was aristocratic New England that the leaders of that section of the republic openly threatened to secede from the Union. Nowadays thoughtless persons are accustomed to suppose that the secession idea originated in the Southern States. This is directly opposed to the truth of history; for twenty years the political leaders of New England preached and advocated secession from the Government at Washington. They protested against our 1812 war with England, nor did their opposition to the national defense stop with mere protests. They gave active aid to the enemy. During the first quarter of this century there was a political phrase common in the mouths of men—"Blue-light Federalists." When the British fleet arrived off the coast of Massachusetts, the New Englanders aided the English admiral by displaying upon the church steeples and other high buildings blue light signals, hence the expression "Blue-light Federalists," and when the British army in Canada was about to take their ships back across the seas because of lack of food, the people of New England sent immense herds of cattle through Vermont and New Hampshire across into Canada for the support of the British army.

After Washington City was sacked and burned by the British, these New Englanders called a convention to meet at Hartford, Conn., for the purpose of adopting resolutions withdrawing the New England States from the American Union. Before the Hartford convention was convened, however, that great man and sterling Democrat, Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, had taken his stand behind the cotton bales at New Orleans and had annihilated the British army. In the face of this victory, of this evidence of what "anarchists" like Andrew Jackson and Thomas Jefferson were capable of doing in behalf of their country, the croakers and secessionists of New England crawled into a hole and pulled the hole in after them. The convention at Hartford ignominiously adjourned, and the phrase "Blue-light Federalists" for a quarter of a century was the phrase denoting the greatest possible degree of treachery and ignominy. To-day, when men have the patriotism to defend the rights of the common people, they, too, are denounced as demagogues and anarchists; but Mr. Byan and all the other leaders who are now engaged in battling for the rights of the plain people against the greed and aggressions of corporate capital, may well afford to feel a profound contempt for the abuse which, in defense of its special privileges, the money power, as history records, has shown itself ready to heap even upon the author of the Declaration of American Independence.—*Democrat Bulletin.*

Temperance Notes.

W. C. T. U. CATECHISM CONTINUED.

26. When and where was the last National Convention held?

October 29 to November 3, in Music Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.

27. How many delegates were present?

The delegates and ex-officio members together numbered 426; these from 41 different States and Territories. Many hundreds of guests were also in attendance from almost every State in the Union.

28. What were some of the most important features of that Convention?

The young people's mass meeting; the meeting in the interest of the Scientific Temperance Instruction department and labor meeting, which was addressed, among others by Prof. Graham Taylor, Warden of the Chicago Commons Social Settlement. Great inspiration came to the convention, also, from the presence of so many foreign guests, who had been delegates at the World's convention in Toronto. A new feature of especial interest was the "Physical Culture Respite," of five minutes in each meeting. The reports of the superintendents were most inspiring and plans for advanced work were carefully laid.

29. What were some of the most encouraging features, as shown in the reports of the general officers?

There were organized during the year, 629 new unions, according to the corresponding secretary's blanks. The treasurer also reported $31,623.86 as received and expended at National headquarters during the year, as against $27,752.09 the previous year. This by no means represents the money received and expended by the organization as a whole throughout the various State Unions.

30. How many States had gained in membership?

Twenty; four of which, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota and North Carolina had each gained 500 or in excess of 500 members.

31. What are to be the chief efforts of the coming year?

Organization and increase of membership; a plan whereby larger sums of money are to be secured for national work and a strong effort to secure statutory prohibition in the States not under prohibitory law. The latter is felt to be the most important thing the organization can do at this juncture and the States are earnestly urged to give the movement their best endeavor.—Annual Leaflet.

MARY E. HILBURN,
Press Sup't A. V. Union.

Aguinaldo seems to be the unknown quantity.